#### THE KANSAS FARMER.

We talked, or read, or idly sat, beholding Betwixt the wire strong poles and Apri From dawn till dusk, the endlessly unfol-Swift panorsma of the land sweep by.

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The twilight closed upon a lonesome prairie, A palling sunset pierced by one faint star, Above a house low-forowed and solitary. Seen from the windows of our passing car.

Rose, gray and silent as an exhalation.

And grow a speek far in the fading light.

Framed by the doorway in the frowning gable, The figure of a man stood dark and still. No roof beside, but just a turf walled stable, Half-thatched with grass, half sunken in the

A solemn mule couched on his bony haunches; A lank sow leaned and rubbed against bersty; No tree, but one bare locust, in whose branches Turkeys were roosting, black against the sky.

The man stood gazing, gaunt of frame and

gloomy:
So melanchely and so metionless.
A sharp compassionating thrill shot through With thinking of his utter loneliness.

Far from the cheerful light of human faces. The glow of friendly converse, how could be Endure a lot as bare of all the graces. As the surrounding fills of house or tree?

He gazed as if with sad surmise and longing— As thick as sparks above the rushing train. His kindled thoughts and asyirations througing Toward some great good which he could never

The train flew on, and snugly housed within it, We saw the konely exile left behind; But not ill that brief vision of a minute Was photographed forever in the mind.

The train sped on with loud, refentless clanging; But gentler fancies in my heart awoke. As I recalled, in the wan twilight hanging & Above his roof, a wreath of cottage smoke.

Symbol of household cheer the whole world Perfect contentment brims no mortal breast,
The dweller with the prairie dog and gopher,
No doubt has his due portion with the rest.

His evening meal upon the coals was cooking A babe, I fain would think, made glad t

No thought had he to join the world's great hattle.
Or follow in the rarks of wealth and pride.
His home, his farm, his own small herd of cattle,
Those are his world; he knows no world be-

Though few of life "air consolations enter The door, to us " lessolate and dim. That cabin on the prairie is the center Of the round earth and rolling heavens to him

He, too—so fancy runs—has his ambition:
To build a barn renew that two years' loan,
Improve each day a little his condition,
And leave his children's better than his own.

He gives his years; yet finds its recompenses, Even in the life we fancy so foriorn.

Sweeter than ease, sometimes, is rude priva-

Too many friends, no better than too few

With hope, a constant, cloud-illuming crescent, With love, and work for head or hands, these

Culture and gold are good, but not by buildin More stately porches may we look to win Peace to our dwelling; nor by gavly gliding The fountain can we raise the flood within

We ply the fount with toil and rest and revel, One casts in empires, and one bagatelles; Still happiness in men will seek its level. As water from one source in many wells. —J. T. Troubridge, in N. Y. Independent.

IN THE SLUMS.

A Day Spent There by a City "Child."

ment house, fell hotly on the face of a man who was sleeping within the room. It was a brutal face. The sunlight crept with the tardiness of repugnance over the puffy, discolored cheeks, the sunken eyes, stubble-bearded jaw and half open mouth, with its protruding tusks. The man was partially dressed, and his hard-featured wife, who lay by his side on the straw pallet, had discorded nothing but her shawl when she retired the night before. In another corner two girls slumbered peacefully and three children lay sprawling on some old clothes near the store. In the middle of the men. children lay sprawling on some old clothes near the stove. In the middle of the mean and squalid room lay a can with the stains "He's the most eigintly drunkestus man."

crippled form of a wan faced boy sleeping beside the stove, and seizing one of his hounailed boots he sent it whizing across the room. It struck the child. With a sharp cry he struggled to his knees and to be proud of. Then he thought of the hob-nailed boot that had hurt him so that sending up a string of shrill voiced curses the while. Then he stopped swearing the while. Then he stopped swearing the while was an improved by resumed his interesting the way to whimmer as he asked.

low-children of the gutter. Even at that "Cork.y' done good. Yer a credit to the carly bour there were many of his playmates about. One of them was sitting on a coal box, looking up toward the eighth the story of a gloomy looking tenement scross the way, where a candle still fickgred in one of the windows.

On the back and said:

"Cork.y' done good. Yer a credit to the becomes a "sinking ship;" but if she perfectly winder to the story of a gloomy looking up toward the eighth of a gloomy looking tenement scross the way, where a candle still fickgred in one of the windows.

opled in an instant "Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Grogan, M's. Gro-

"Yis, Yis!" eried the old woman, throw ing up her wishow and leaning out with distended eyes, pale fact and streaming gray hair. "What is it?"

"Go cal a brick'y tarrier!" Then Corkey, with a final and triumphant shrick, went in to join his family at break-

It was nine o'clock when he again became visible to the world. He climbed to the edge of an ash barrel on the corner of Frankfort street and Park Row and perched discarded eigar, with his disfigured arms thoughtfully felded and his torn eld hat bolunced rakishly over his left car. neath the rim of the hat the child's big black eyes roamed with lively interest over the scene before him. All of Brooklyn was pouring over the bridge, tumbling into the stream of humanity from the east side of New York and rushing down Park Row. swirling about lamp posts, telegraph poles and venders' carts, running out into the street and eddying swiftly around the ash barrel on which Corkey sat, unnoticed and unknown. A piece of muddy board was partially buried in the ashes, and Corkey possessed himself of this and pounded the barrel vigorously as he whistled a popular air, but it was all lost in the roar of the

human mill race from the bridge.

Presently the pompous figure of an elderly and corpulent man came dancing along on deft and natty legs—the picture of screnity, suavity, benevolence and self-esteem. A conscious smile illuminated his proper looking face, and a resplendent beaver was fixed at a fetching angle on his head. The sharpeyes of the crooked and gnome-like hitle creature on the barrel's rim dwelt on this monument of business rectitude and integrity us it passed majestically by, and then with a sudden effort he drew back the shingle in his hand and threw it with such nervous force and accurate aim that it struck the elderly citizen in the back of the head, sent him staggering into the street and rendered his hat an object of ridicule, contumely and derision. The effort on Corkey's part was so great that he lost his balance in the recoil, toppled over into the half-filled barrel and lay there on his back with nothing in view but his artificial leg, which rose from the barrel stiffly sur-mounted by a weather-beaten old boot, which twitched back and forth slowly in the air, as though giving a decorous outlet to

its owner's mirth. After the erstwhile pompous citizen had been soothed by the multitude and sent upon his way the old boot which rose from the barrel was shifted over the edge, eight little fingers clutched the barrel's rim and slowly lifted into view the sly and mis-chievous eyes of the boy. He looked alertly in every direction like a startled squirrel peering from his nest hole, and then clambering hastily to the ground went hopping and skipping across the car tracks with screeches of laughter and danced into City Hall park. Here he propped himself up in a corner of the fence in front of the mayor's office, sitting with folded arms and head bent forward, gravely acted as the umpire of a game of marbles that a little group of street gamins played in the shade. Corkey was very much absorbed in this

when he heard his name spoken softly, and looking up saw one of the heroes of the Fourth ward—a gentleman who, though he was at this date but nineteen years of age, mid-had already had the distinction of serving her. three terms in prison for picking pockets, besides having been bowed to in public by no less than two eminent bunco men. He wore his lower jaw well forward, his small eyes looked rather blinky and his red hair was matted over his forehead. Tight trousers clung to his muscular legs and a sack coat that sagged in front showed traces of

the back of his head. When Corkey saw this great man and act-nally realized that the illustrious one was speaking to him confidentially, a faint flush walk t' d' bridge." came over his thin face, and he sought to

were most likely to be, "y' don' wan' ter | were clasped over his eyes. make no blubb, y' understan', f'r they's too There was a noise further up the street, many lookin' on an' th' job's got to be done louder than the din of the elevated road and

dance on his ribs and his eyes bulged from could be heard the clang of a gong

of beer on the floor near it. Flies buzzed said Bad Man Mulvey, with the traces of about. The air was stifling. of beer on the floor near it. Flies buzzed about. The air was stifling.

The sun burned in the purple hollows of the man's eyes until he moved uneasily, and then, suddenly waking, sat up and glared savagely around. His eyes fell on the moved uneasily, and then, suddenly waking, sat up and glared savagely around. His eyes fell on the Mulvey continued, with a far-off look in his elusive eyes and a smile of fond admiration; beside the stove, and seizing one of his "What a beautiful load he had onto him?"

the while. Then he stopped swearing abruptly and began to whimper as he asked:
"Wha d'y wan fadder!"
"Th' marnin' loaf, y Iwisted brat. Quick!
Git out of here."

The word of here."

Branch as a structions of the structions of th The boy half straightened his curved naturedly to a shriveled up little cripple, back, grabbed his clothes in his skinny who hugged himself with his bony arms

washed his face in the moldy sink, brushed oack his long black hair with his grimy nands, clothed his crooked form and presently went limping off toward a neighboring baker's shop with the corners of his mouth drawn down.

"Shure, Corkey," said the baker's wife, slipping a tart into the hand of the crippled ten-year-old along with the loaf of bread, "yer's white's a flour-sieve this mornin."

"It's me log, Mrs Murphy," said the lad, deftly stealing another tart as the woman turned away. "It allers hurts me whin I put it on first."

He went limping back, clasping his crippled log with his hand but smiling craftily over his shoulder at the baker's shop as he munched the stolen tart.

He was a New York boy, born in the

Before noon there was a new here in the viduality of her own, a character o

and excitement that the windows all about puffed ride on the elevated road, been knocked down by a truck horse and nar rowly escaped falling off a pier.

At four o'clock he struggled up Frankfort treet for the second time that day, but now he had firm hold of his mother's skirt. The human tide had turned the other way and was surging up and down by this time, but Corkey's mother breasted it bravely, while the cripple hopped on in her wake whistling like a lark. Into the pushing howling and clawing mob of women and children around the delivery window of one of the evening newspaper offices the mother and son sailed courageously. All the newsthere, puffing the battered remnant of a ing for precedence. In the window selling the papers was a young man with a cigar in his mouth and a cold, calm eye. He addressed his customers with great familian ity, never prefixing Mrs. to the names of the women, and counting his papers with won-derful rapidity. No one could get the papers out of his hands before the money passed into them. He had a clear cut, refined and

handsome face.

For a time Corkey amused himself by outting small stones on the car tracks, and then he fell to building a house of chips in the gutter, as unconscious of the hum and rumble and roar around him as though alone on Machattan Island.

The hours went by. The boy grew tired of the gutter and followed the lamplighter down Beekman street till he came to the river. After two or three rebuffs he stole across on the boat several times.

When he was put ashere again on the New York side, Corkey went whistling up Fulton street till be suddenly ran across : big boy who was sitting in a doorway and staring morosely at his toes. Corkey approached him softly-for the boy was of of correction, and said:

"Wanter go to the tee-ayter, Chimmie!"
"What on!" said Jimmie, laconically. I got mun. 'Yaas y' have'" increduously.

"Yaas y have." increditions!.
"Well, Itell y I have."
"Well, don't say y have!" asked Jimmie in a conciliatory way. Then in a more business like tone, "lemme see it."

Corkey gave him all his money, and with-n half an hour they were stowed away fifty feet up in the air with hundreds of other boys looking down at a Bowery vari-ety show. It was a short dream to Corkey The curtain fell at eleven o'clock, and the little cripple was pushed and borne in the wild mob down the black and dangerous stairway to the street, where he fell on his knees against the door-post, faint, bruised. breathless and in tears. But he struggled up and cintched his companion just as that amiable youth was striding away.

"Hullo, Maloney," he said quietly, as Corkey's mother fought her way toward "How many to-day!" "Thirty-sivin, may th' Lord luv ye, Misther Alfred.

"I hear, Maloney," said the young man calmly, as he whisked the papers to "that McGrath threatens to kick the head off of you this evening at the bridge."
"She does, does she!" screamed the woman wildly, but before she could say more the crowd threw her aside, and the

man in the window turned his imperturb able face toward the next customer. Corkey was still clinging to the s woman's skirts as she emerged from the crowd to catch her breath.
"Are yez goin' to lick Mrs. McGrath

midder!" he asked gleefully, looking up at "Howld ver taw."

"Cause she said y' wus an Irish guy." "A guy, is it?"
"Shure," said Corkey, solemnly, and without may outward indication that he was

lying, "I heard her say it mesel! Mrs. Maloney bit her lip, but she was obliged to postpone her revenge and go ormer splendor in the remnants of showy sturdily to work selling her papers and ut-tering an objurgation on the head of the hated McGrath with every breath. "Don' take all me money, Chimmie" he sobbed, "me legs hurted so bad I kin never

The other boy drew back his scarred fist and, without a word, struck the cripple in "Set still, Cork," said the great man affa-bly, as he shifted his toothpick to the other side of his mouth and cast his weak gaze gutter and lay there, sobbing bitterly. over that portion of the park where his No one cared. It was a street arab in wide experience had taught him the police trouble; nothing more. The boy's hands

wid dead elegant quietness."

the incessant jangle of the surface cars.

The job! Corkey's heart beat a wild Above the clattering of iron-shod hoefs Early one September morning a stray ray of the sun slipped around the corner of a big warehouse, and stealing over a bit of musty rug that had been thrust into one of the upper windows of a Cherry street tenement bouse, fell hotly on the face of a man who was sleeping within the room. It was the police as Bad Man Multiple of the control of the upper windows of a Cherry street tenement bouse, fell hotly on the face of a man who was sleeping within the room. It was vey, and like all truly great men'he is with

A Social and Domestic Question of Con-

siderable Interest and Importance. How far this submitting unto one's own husband should be carried, is a question for consideration. True it is that wifely submission is not in much danger of being carried to excess in this age of woman's rights; and yet one husband. She loses her own identity.

and becomes simply his echo. This would be less deplorable than it is if the husband who thus absorbs her were always a superior character (for little hands, and stumbled and hopped out of the room. In the passage below he est.

After a little the cripple went hopping and as it is, these oaks to which

He was a New York boy, born in the slums, reared amid penury, want and distress, with a pitiful physique and invalid's face and the shrewd, sportive and mocking nature of a hundred thousand of his fellow-children of the gutter. Even at that carly bour there were many of his play. Git onto de light up in Widder Gregan's room, Corkey," said the lad on the coal box with a delighted grin.

"What's it for?"

"Fur Mrs. Grogan's daughter Mol', what wint off wid the pick-i-nic of de "see" ashun of Perfect Gents of de Forth ward yester day mornin in an ain't got back yit. De ole woman's bin waitin' all night fur her. She tinks Moll's drownded."

The sharp face of the orippis lighted up, and limping hurriedly into the middle of the street, he soreamed with such skrillings.

Before noon there was a new here in the rown in the was overwhelmed with was overwhelmed with honors. He bought tarts by the score at Mrs. Murphy shop, and toid again and again how he and Bad Man Mulvey—that gentleman had disappeared from society, as was his well-known cautious habit after any little stroke of business—had made their haul. By three o'clock Corkey had whipped a boy considerable bigger than himself, had fallen down a cellar, made his infant sister the singularity appropriate pand limping hurriedly into the middle of the street, he soreamed with such skrillings.

### THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

An Incident Giving a Striking Illustra-tion of His Character.

He is, under ordinary circumstances, a soft-hearted, good-natured fellow, but there are savage instincts in his semi-barbarous nature which render. him capable of almost any brutality, if he is once thoroughly excited. The awful atrocities committed during the late persecutions of the Jews are still fresh in our minds, and bear witness to the savagery of the Russian peasant; and the treatment experienced by the Turcomans, both after the capture of Khiva and the fall of Geok Tepe, show that, at all events in Asia, the authorities even encourage the worst passions of the soldier. Perhaps Skobeleff's greatest quality as a successful General was his thorough appreciation of the peculiarities of the men he commanded. He had a wonderful hold on their sympathies, and he enjoyed a popularity with the rank and file such as no other Russian General has ever acquired. It was Skobeleff who conducted the pursuit and harrying of the wretched Yomud Turcomans after Khiva, so vividly described by his friend and admirer, the American corresponden MacGahan; and it was Skobeleff who after the storming of Geek Tepe, and the route of its brave Tekke defenders, gave twenty-four hours' complete liberty to his excited soldiers to work their wicked will on the persons and property of the defenseless families of the dispersed Turcomans. Skobeleff thoroughly understood his men, and re-established his control as deliberate ly as he permitted unbridled license For exactly twenty-four hours the captors of Geok Tepe were uncontrolled; within six hours of the termination of that period two soldiers were shot for trifling crimes. This circumstance coupled with the fact of Skobeleff great popularity in the army, give striking indication of the character of the Russian soldier, as judged by the man, who knew him best. - Blackwood Magazine.

June 1881, wrote G. C. Atkins, Beaver, Beaver Co., Pa., aprained my wrist bally; pain dreadful. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; in ten minutes pain ceased; am cured." October 29, 1808, ho writes: "I have had no pains

"I had four children sick; coughs and sore-inroat," says J. T. Ridgely, Bowling Green, Howard County, Md. "I gave Red Star Cough Cure; it cured them; cured myself also of hourseness and chest oppressio with it. Price, twenty-five cents. Druggists.

"Distance lends enchantment to the was not spoken of the dollar.

Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a loughty little champion who met and deliberately knowers, one by one, a score or more of purity-looking fellows, as they advance the attack. Glants as they were into the valuant pigmy proved more that match for them. It was all so funny Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts the dream by the fact that he had just clothe concinsion, after trying nearly eving frastic pill on the market, that Pier tiny Purgative Pollets casily "knock cand beat all the rest hollow! ion who met and deliberately kn

FISHING smacks are used in angling for husband. - Burlington Free Press.

A Woman's Sweet Will.

A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of allments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her anniable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nervine and tone of wonderful officials, and prepared executally for the scription, a nervine and tenie of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "drag-ging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a born to her sex. Druggists.

How to make a Maltese cross-by stepping on his tail .- Buston Beacon.

A Bloody Affray is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its posons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dult and drewsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most scrious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, but from gourself by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Melical Discovery, and he restored to the blessings of health. All druggists. A Bloody Affray

Toxour-riep women do not always

Endurance of Society People A prominent society lady of Washington being asked by the Prince of Wales, "why is it you people here manifest so little fatigue from dancing, receptions, etc.!" re-plied, "Why, you see, we Americans re-gain the vitality wasted in these dissipa-tions by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tome."

WARFARR -corned beef and hard tack .-3 month's treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrn. Sold by druggists.

#### THE MARKETS. CINCINNATI. April 25.

9	LIVE STOCK-Cattle-Common 1 75 @ 2 50
i	Choice Butchers 3 80 6 4 60 HOGS-Common 4 25 6 4 75
5	Good Packers 5 00 8 5 40
1	SHEEP-Good to choice 3 65 6 4 10
3	FLOUR-Family 3 50 @ 4 00
5	GRAIN-Wheat-No. 2 red 82545 804 No. 3 red 80
.O	No. 5 red. 76 % 80
1	OutsNo 2 mixed 3046 33
9	MAY Timester No. 1 10.50 010.55
-	TOBACCG-Medium Leaf. 6 00 0.7 80
9	Good Leaf 8 00 6 9 15 PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess 16 00 6:16 25
f	Lard-Prime Steam 7 10 8 1 25
	BUTTER-Choice dairy 17 (2 2)
8	Choice to Fancy Creamery. 22 65 14
f	APPLES-Prime per barrel. 3 00 @ 3 No
f	POTATOES-Per bushel 50 @ 55
10	NEW YORK.
	FLOUR-State and Western 2 50 @ 2 20 GRAIN-Wheat No. 2 Chicago 9 90
130	No. 4 red 9243 924
g.	Corn-No. 2 mixed
-	Oats-mixed 55 6k 57
0	PORK-Mess
	LARD-Western Steam, 6, 7 50
1	FLOUR-Wisconsin winter 88 90 @ 4 00
t,	GRAIN-Wheat-No.2 red 81 @ 885
k	No 2 Chicogn spring B 81
	Corn No. 2
0	Charte No. 2
e	PORK-Mess
y	LARD-Steam 7 00 6 7 10
0	FLOUR-Family 3 00 8 1 65
	GRAIN-Wheat No. 2 9156 19
-	Corn-Mixed 46\25 47
-	Oats-Mixed 34 6 35
ıf	PORK-Mess
15	CATTLE-First quality 4 8742 5 00 HOGS 7 00 6 7 75
-	INDIANAPOLIS.
r	GRAIN-Wheat No. 2 red \$ @ 814
15	Corn-Mixed 6 35%
n	Oats-Mixed 6 1914
is	LOUISVILLE
	PLOUR-A No. 1
11	GRAIN-Wheat-No. 2 red 66 82
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For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medi-cine is Hale's Honey of Horensund and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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AN INVALUABLE PAMILY MEDICINE Thousandsoftestimonials prove its mar axtenuous with TELL YOU IS SETULATION

COCKLE'S

ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

RON ROOFING

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Mrs. M. A. Dauphin, of Philadelphia, is well known to the ladies of that city from the great good she has done by means of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She writes Mrs. Pinkham of a recent in teresting case. "A young married lady came to me suffering with a severe case of Prolapsus and Ulceration. She commenced taking the Compound and in two months was fully restored. In proof of this she seen found herself in an interesting condition. Influenced by foolish friends she attempted to evade the responsibilities of materially. After ten or twelve days she came to me again and she was indeed in a most alarming state and suffered terribly. I gave her a table-spoonful of the compo hour for eight hours until she fell asleep, she awoke, much relieved and evidently better. She continued taking the Com-pound, and in due season she became the mother of a fine healthy boy. But for the timely use of the medicine she believes her stem, cre- life would have been lost."

VERMIFUGE/

CHILDREN'S

PURIFIES

BLOOD.



Br. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lange Lungs leading to Consumption. Price, 2ic., 50a and \$1.00. Illuminated looks furnished free.

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THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE C



following words, in praise of Da. Pirace's Favourre Parsonitrion as a remely for those delicate diseases and weak-peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maindies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous ons with which thousaids give atternace to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable been of health which has been nesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every expressions with which thousands give utterance to be restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicin

THROWN AWAY.

The 'Pavorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boot to us poor suffering women."

Jone E. Skgan, of Millenbeck, Vo., writes:

'My wife had been suffering for two or three sears with female weakness, and had paid tone inndrest dollars to physicians without rebef. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physic years they had been practicing upon her. EARTHLY BOON.

THREW AWAY

HER
SUPPORTER.

Mrs. Formila F. Moswerl, White Cottage, O.,
writes: "I took eleven bottles of your Favorte Prescription" and one bottle of your
Fallets. I am doing my work, and have been
for some time. I have had to employ belp for
about sixteen years before I commenced taking your modicine. I have had to wear a
supporter most of the time; this I have laid
naide, and feet as well as I ever did."

WORKS WORKS Mich., writes: "Your 'Pavorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again ask writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Pavorite Prescription' I have regained my health wunderfully, to the astonishatending to the duties of my household."

## TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsis, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhanation or prostation, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present aline to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he preservises his pils and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient sets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, the Pierce's Exportic Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

Brysicians
Falled.

Mrs. E. F. Mondan, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Busins, Moss., agas: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles, Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and as weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and using the local treatment recommended in his Common Sense Medical Adviser. I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly sured, and have had no trouble since. I write a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and effering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, dan enclosing a simped-envelope for really. I wave received over four hundred letters, and have earnestly say seed them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription, had sent the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A Marvelous Curc.—Mrs. G. F. Stragurs, and Five very layour series of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling of the would remain female weakness, sourcorbes and falling

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